

A N

E L E G Y

On the lamented Death of — WORTH
Esq. who depart'd this Life at Rathfarnham
 on Sunday the 7th of Nov. Inst. 1725.



H O U Pride of Villages whose Ponds and Groves
 Whole Shades were wont Retirements for the Loves
 Where the long Pleasures of Autumnal Heat,
 Had fix'd their Chief their Darling most Lov'd Seat
 Drop all your Verdures, Gaiety, and Dress,
 Be Pitchy as my Ink black as my Verse;
 To wait on Worthy *Worth's* Regretted Hearse,

Rathfarnham, beauteous sketch of Paradise.

What Floods must fill thy Swains Inundating Eyes,
 Since *WORTH* the Soul of all your Joys and Mirth,
 Is lost to you as he is lost to Breath,
 Nip'd in his bloom, and wrap'd in Icy Death;
 The Daphnies of your little Edens lost,
 What Joys or Glories can you longer boast,
 No longer can your Gardens, Ponds, or Grove,
 Give due Retreat to Innocence and Love,
 Since he whose presence joy'd each Glory's gone,
 Too early waded hence to fill a Throne,
 Whose Vacancy with Justness he supply's,
 And shines above to Light you from the Skies;
 All worth from hence Regretted must depart,
 But ah! what Pain must fill the bleeding Heart,
 That knew the worth of *Worth's* Regretted Youth;
 Good Nature, Freedom, Innocence and Truth,
 As Grave as hoary Age, yet blith and Gay,
 As Birds in Spring or flowery Meads in May;
 On one hand prone to advise mild and Serene,
 On t'other Pride and Joy of all the Plain;
 The Love and Envy of the Nymph and Swain;
 But since in vain to give a loose to Grief,
 Too late a Remedy brings no Relief,
 Let all the Nymphs and Swains with me Explore,
 The Glittering Coast above and there adore,
 The New made Seat with Reverend Surprise;
 For *Worth* can no where Lodge but in the Skies;

Epitaph.

HERE lies the Dust it's Excellence gone forth,
 If Dusty matter can afford such Worth;
 Whatever Worth or Goodness cou'd make Great
 Were *Amulus* his Virtues to Conspire,
 That *Worth* lies here may make your wonder Rise;
 But know the Worth of *Worth* his Soul Reigns in the Skies.